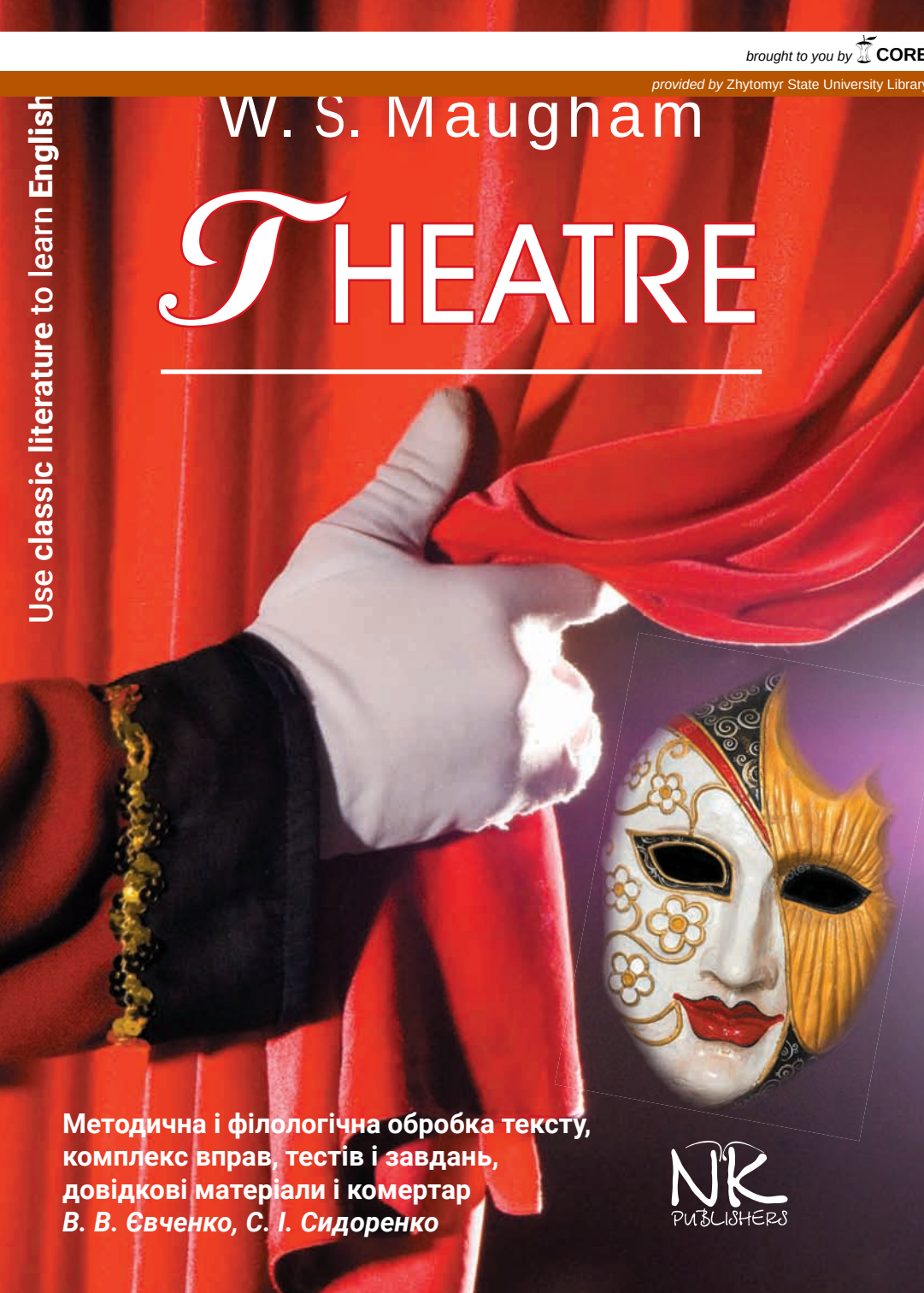
Use classic literature to learn English

W. S. Maugham

THEATRE



Методична і філологічна обробка тексту, комплекс вправ, тестів і завдань, довідкові матеріали і комертар
В. В. Євченко, С. І. Сидоренко

NK PUBLISHERS

Міністерство освіти і науки України
Житомирський державний університет імені Івана Франка

William Somerset Maugham

THEATRE

Книга для читання англійською мовою

Технологія роботи з текстом і філологічний коментар
В. В. Євченко і С. І. Сидоренко

3-тє видання, виправлене та доповнене

Вінниця
Нова Книга
2019

УДК 811.111-26(07)
Є13

Рекомендовано вченою радою Житомирського державного університету імені Івана Франка як навчальний посібник (протокол № 5 від 31 травня 2019 року)

Рецензенти:

Л. Л. Славова, доктор філологічних наук, професор, завідувач кафедри теорії та практики перекладу з англійської мови Інституту філології Київського національного університету імені Тараса Шевченка.

А. В. Головня, кандидат філологічних наук, доцент, доцент кафедри англійської філології і перекладу факультету лінгвістики та соціальних комунікацій Національного авіаційного університету.

Євченко В. В.

Є13 Моем В. С. Театр : книга для читання англійською мовою : технологія роботи з текстом і філологічний коментар В. В Євченко і С. І. Сидоренко : навчальний посібник / Євченко В. В., Сидоренко С. І. – 3-тє вид., випр. та допов. – Вінниця : Нова Книга, 2019. – 364 с.

ISBN 978-966-382-759-9

Навчальний посібник призначений для студентів спеціальності 035 «Філологія» та усіх, хто бажає розвинути власну англомовну компетентність. Він представляє відомий роман В. С. Моема «Театр» в оригіналі і комплекс вправ, завдань і довідкових матеріалів для роботи з ним. Запропонована авторами навчального посібника технологія роботи з художнім текстом спрямована на формування усіх основних компонентів комунікативної компетенції: мовного, мовленнєвого, соціокультурного. Основними компонентами структури навчального посібника є передтекстові завдання, оригінальний текст роману з коментарем, блок питань і тестів для перевірки розуміння прочитаного, лексичні і мовні вправи та питання і завдання для обговорення змісту, проблематики та персонажів роману.

УДК 811.111-26(07)

ISBN 978-966-382-759-9

CONTENTS

Передмова

Навчальний посібник по роману В.С.Моема «Театр» призначений для студентів спеціальності 035 «Філологія» та усіх, хто вивчає англійську мову. Він може бути використаний як для аудиторних занять, так і для самостійної роботи.

Мета навчального посібника – навчити читачів адекватно сприймати англомовний художній текст, розуміти його соціокультурний контекст, проблематику і художньо-стилістичні особливості, а також поглибити власну філологічну і мовну компетентність.

Посібник складається із біографічної довідки про письменника, 11 розділів, списку театральних термінів та коментаря до власних імен, що зустрічаються в тексті роману. Кожен з перших десяти розділів містить передтекстові завдання, глави роману (без адаптації) з коментарями, блок питань і тестів для перевірки розуміння прочитаного, лексику, що рекомендується для активного засвоєння, блок лексичних вправ та блок питань і завдань для обговорення змісту, проблематики і персонажів. Останній 11-й розділ призначений для повторення та узагальнення.

Розроблені вправи, тести і завдання націлені на розкриття мовного, художньо-стилістичного та соціокультурного потенціалу тексту роману.

Передтекстові завдання (Pre-Reading Discussion Section) спрямовані на підготовку читача до сприйняття тексту. Вони пропонують студентам висловити своє бачення тієї чи іншої проблеми, спираючись на їхній життєвий досвід.

Завдання на перевірку розуміння прочитаного (Reading Comprehension Section) переслідують дві основні мети: стимулювати студентів до уважного читання тексту і перевірити його розуміння.

Основними типами мовних вправ і завдань (Language Section) є вправи на коментування, вибір лексичної одиниці, знаходження відповідників, уживання прийменників, переклад тощо. Студенти заохочуються до активної роботи з тлумачним словником. Виконання вправ цього розділу готує студентів до більш адекватного у мовному відношенні мовлення з питань і проблем, що пропонуються у блоці для обговорення тексту.

На заключному етапі роботи з текстом (Post-Reading Discussion Section) читачеві пропонується висловитися в усній або письмовій формі з проблематики тексту, порівняти свій життєвий досвід з ситуаціями, які описані у тексті, прокоментувати особливості поведінки персонажів.

Культурологічний і соціолінгвістичний контекст роману роз'яснюється читачеві шляхом посторінкових виносок.

Коментар до власних імен містить інформацію про митців, акторів, драматургів, персонажів відомих п'єс, історичних діячів тощо, які згадуються в тексті роману.

Під час роботи з текстом роману, розробки вправ, завдань, коментарів, для тлумачення лексики були використані словники: Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary. 7th ed. Oxford University Press, 2005; Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English. Harlow: Pearson Education Limited, 2012; Cambridge International Dictionary of English. Cambridge University Press, 1995; Oxford Paperback Thesaurus. 3rd edition. Oxford University Press, 2006; Random House Roget's Thesaurus. 4th edition. N.Y: Ballantine Books, 2001; The New American Roget's College Thesaurus in Dictionary Form. 3rd revised edition. N.Y.: A Signet Book, 2001; Roget's 21st Century Thesaurus in Dictionary Form. 3rd edition. N.Y: Bantam Dell, 2006; Білинський М. Синоніміка англійського дієслова. Словник семантичних відстаней. Львів, 1999; а також Encyclopedia BRITANNICA CD 2000 Deluxe і довідкові ресурси глобальної мережі ІНТЕРНЕТ.

Сподіваємося, що вам буде приємно працювати з цим посібником і будемо вдячні за відгуки та пропозиції щодо його змісту та ефективності.

Автори

William Somerset Maugham
(1874–1965)

> "I have never pretended to be anything but a story teller. It has amused me to tell stories and I have told a great many. It is a misfortune for me that the telling of a story just for the sake of the story is not an activity that is in favor with the intelligentsia."
>
> **(from *Creatures of Circumstance,* 1947)**

William Somerset Maugham was born in Paris in the family of a lawyer. His mother died when William was eight years old, having given birth to William's brother who survived only one day. Maugham often mentioned fatal pregnancies and child mortality in his works and was much inspired by the events of his childhood. His father died when William was ten and the boy was taken to live with his uncle, a priest.

Maugham was educated at the King's School in Canterbury and Heidelberg University, Germany, and later studied medicine at St Thomas's Hospital in London. But his hobby was literature and theatre. The experiences of his life in London inspired his first novel, in the 'new realist' style, called *Liza of Lambeth* (1897) that was centred on London slums and the Cockney lifestyle. The novel enjoyed wide popularity. Critics called Maugham a representative of English naturalism, an 'English Maupassant'. However, it was not with this novel but with a play *Lady Frederick* (performed in 1907) that Maugham achieved real fame. By the next year four Maugham's plays were running in London at the same time.

When Britain declared war on Germany at the start of World War I, Maugham was forty years old. He joined a Red Cross unit in France and served as an ambulance driver, becoming one of what later became to be known as the Literary Ambulance Drivers. Being a driver gave him a firsthand opportunity to observe dying men react differently to their fate. In August of 1917 he transferred to the intelligence service, where he remained for the rest of the war. He was sent to Russia with the mission of preventing the Russian Revolution by keeping the Mensheviks in power.

Maugham spent a lot of his time travelling across the globe. On these travels he picked up stories which fuelled his writing. For instance, his most famous story, "Rain" (in *The Trembling of a Leaf* (1921), was inspired by a missionary and a prostitute travelling with him to Pago Pago in the South Pacific.

Maugham gained real success as a novelist with his autobiographical novel *Of Human Bondage* (1915).

All his best novels are about artists: in *Of Human Bondage* the writer wrote about his own life, in *The Moon and Sixpence* (1919) he tells the story of the French Painter Paul Gaugin as it would be if the painter were an Englishman, *Cakes and Ale* (1930) is based on some facts from Th.Hardy's life, the main character of *Theatre* (1937) is a London actress.

Maugham's position as a successful playwright was being consolidated at the same time.

Plays of note include *Our Betters* (1917), *The Circle* (1921), and *For Services Rendered* (1932) which was passionately anti-war and looked with distaste at the results of World War I. He wrote about 29 plays, most of them were comedies.

Maugham's plays, though successful at the time, have not lasted terribly well, whereas his novels, particularly *The Moon and Sixpence*, *Cakes and Ale*, *Theatre, The Razor's Edge* (1944) still hold their appeal.

Maugham spent most of World War II in the United States, first in Hollywood (he worked on many scripts, and was one of the first authors to make significant money from film adaptations of his books) and later in the South. After the war, he moved back to England.

In 1926 Maugham bought a house on the French Riviera that was visited by many writers and politicians such as Winston Churchill. He lived into his nineties and wrote much. His notebooks are of interest too and were published in selected extracts in *A Writer's Notebook* (1949), while his autobiography proper, *The Summing Up* (1938) shows that Maugham felt that he was never treated quite as seriously as he deserved. This seems a little unexpected coming from a writer who wittily admitted that, "There are three basic rules for writing a novel. Unfortunately nobody knows what they are".

Somerset Maugham was the master of story-telling. He could convey human relationships and feelings with a startling reality. The remote

locations of the decaying British Empire offered him beautiful canvasses on which to write his stories and plays. Maugham's English is clear and lucid, his characters are recognizable, and this makes his books so popular with the reader.

List of the main characters

Julia Lambert

Michael Gosselyn

Dolly de Vries

Charles Tamerley

James Langton

Thomas Fennell

Roger

Evie

Avice Crichton

Archie Dexter

Unit I

Pre-Reading Discussion Section

1. What does the word "theatre" mean for you personally? What associations do you have with this word?

2. What experience of theatre-going do you have? Can you name any theatrical performances which produced a lasting impression on you? Share your impressions with other students.

3. What do you think of the role the theatre plays in people's life today? Is it the same as it used to be several decades ago, a century ago? Why? Do you share the opinion that people won't lose much if the theatre dies out? If not, what do you think makes the theatre a unique and eternal art?

4. Compare actors' social status in the past and nowadays. Have there been any changes? Which? Do you believe that a successful career on the stage can bring a person fame and well-being?

5. How do you understand W.Shakespeare's words, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."? Do you agree with these lines?

6. Do people act in their everyday life? What prompts people to act, if acting is not their profession? Do you believe that every person has actor's abilities? What is your attitude to people's acting/pretence in relations with other people? Can you justify such behaviour?

Chapters 1–2

1

THE door opened and Michael Gosselyn looked up. Julia came in.

'Hulloa! I won't keep you a minute. I was just signing some letters.'

'No hurry. I only came to see what seats had been sent to the Dennorants. What's that young man doing here?'

With the experienced actress's instinct to fit the gesture to the word, by a movement of her neat head she indicated the room through which she had just passed.

'He's the accountant. He comes from Lawrence and Hamphreys[1]. He's been here three days.'

'He looks very young.'

'He's an articled clerk[2]. He seems to know his job. He can't get over the way our accounts are kept[3]. He told me he never expected a theatre to be run on such businesslike lines. He says the way some of those firms in the city keep their accounts is enough to turn your hair grey.'

Julia smiled at the complacency on her husband's handsome face.

'He's a young man of tact.'

'He finishes today. I thought we might take him back with us and give him a spot of lunch. He's quite a gentleman.'

'Is that a sufficient reason to ask him to lunch?' Michael did not notice the faint irony of her tone.

'I won't ask him if you don't want him. I merely thought it would be a treat for him. He admires you tremendously. He's been to see the play three times. He's crazy to be introduced to you.' Michael touched a button and in a moment his secretary came in.

'Here are the letters, Margery. What appointments have I got for this afternoon?'

Julia with half an ear listened to the list Margery read out and, though she knew the room so well, idly looked about her. It was a very proper room for the manager of a first-class theatre. The walls had been panelled (at cost price) by a good decorator and on them hung engravings of theatrical pictures by Zoffany[4] and de Wilde. The armchairs were large and comfortable. Michael sat in a heavily carved Chippendale chair, a reproduction but made by a well-known firm, and his Chippendale table, with heavy ball and claw feet, was immensely solid. On it stood in a massive silver frame a photograph of herself and to balance it a photograph of Roger, their son. Between these was a magnificent silver ink-stand that she had herself given him on one of his birthdays and behind it a rack in red

[1] **Lawrence and Hamphreys** – an accounting firm

[2] **articled clerk** – a person having his on-the-job training as a clerk

[3] **He can't get over the way our accounts are kept** (informal) – He is extremely surprised by the way our accounts are kept.

[4] You can find information on this and other proper names (real personalities, play titles and characters, etc.) in "The Guide to Proper Names" at the end of the book.

morocco, heavily gilt, in which he kept his private paper in case he wanted to write a letter in his own hand. The paper bore the address, Siddons Theatre, and the envelope his crest, a boar's head with the motto underneath: Nemo me impune lacessit[5]. A bunch of yellow tulips in a silver bowl, which he had got through winning the theatrical golf tournament three times running, showed Margery's care. Julia gave her a reflective glance. Notwithstanding her cropped peroxide hair and her heavily-painted lips she had the neutral look that marks the perfect secretary. She had been with Michael for five years. In that time she must have got to know him inside and out. Julia wondered if she could be such a fool as to be in love with him.

But Michael rose from his chair.

'Now, darling, I'm ready for you.'

Margery gave him his black Homburg hat[6] and opened the door for Julia and Michael to go out. As they entered the office the young man Julia had noticed turned round and stood up.

'I should like to introduce you to Miss Lambert,' said Michael. Then with the air of an ambassador presenting an attache to the sovereign of the court to which he is accredited: 'This is the gentleman who is good enough to put some order into the mess we make of our accounts.'

The young man went scarlet. He smiled stiffly in answer to Julia's warm, ready smile and she felt the palm of his hand wet with sweat when she cordially grasped it. His confusion was touching. That was how people had felt when they were presented to Sarah Siddons. She thought that she had not been very gracious to Michael when he had proposed asking the boy to luncheon. She looked straight into his eyes. Her own were large, of a very dark brown, and starry. It was no effort to her, it was as instinctive as brushing away a fly that was buzzing round her, to suggest now a faintly amused, friendly tenderness.

---

[5] **Nemo me impune lacessit** (Latin) – "No one provokes me with impunity", the motto of an exclusive Scottish order of knighthood whose modern period dates from its founding by James II of Great Britain (James VII of Scotland) in 1687, although, like many chivalric orders, it probably has its origins much further back in history.

[6] **Homburg hat** - a man's felt hat with a stiff curled brim and a high crown creased lengthwise

'I wonder if we could persuade you to come and eat a chop with us. Michael will drive you back after lunch.'

The young man blushed again and his adam's apple moved in his thin neck.

'It's awfully kind of you.' He gave his clothes a troubled look. 'I'm absolutely filthy.'

'You can have a wash and brush up when we get home.'

The car was waiting for them at the stage door, a long car in black and chromium, upholstered in silver leather, and with Michael's crest discreetly emblazoned on the doors. Julia got in.

'Come and sit with me. Michael is going to drive.'

They lived in Stanhope Place, and when they arrived Julia told the butler to show the young man where he could wash his hands. She went up to the drawing-room. She was painting her lips when Michael joined her.

'I've told him to come up as soon as he's ready.'

'By the way, what's his name?'

'I haven't a notion.'

'Darling, we must know. I'll ask him to write in our book.'

'Damn it, he's not important enough for that.'

Michael asked only very distinguished people to write in their book. 'We shall never see him again.'

At that moment the young man appeared. In the car Julia had done all she could to put him at his ease, but he was still very shy. The cocktails were waiting and Michael poured them out. Julia took a cigarette and the young man struck a match for her, but his hand was trembling so much that she thought he would never be able to hold the light near enough to her cigarette, so she took his hand and held it.

'Poor lamb,' she thought, 'I suppose this is the most wonderful moment in his whole life. What fun it'll be for him when he tells his people. I expect he'll be a blasted little hero in his office.'

Julia talked very differently to herself and to other people: when she talked to herself her language was racy. She inhaled the first whiff of her cigarette with delight. It was really rather wonderful, when you came to think of it, that just to have lunch with her and talk to her for three quarters of an hour, perhaps, could make a man quite important in his own scrubby little circle.

The young man forced himself to make a remark.

'What a stunning room this is.'

She gave him the quick, delightful smile, with a slight lift of her fine eyebrows, which he must often have seen her give on the stage.

'I'm so glad you like it.' Her voice was rather low and ever so slightly hoarse. You would have thought his observation had taken a weight off her mind. 'We think in the family that Michael has such perfect taste.'

Michael gave the room a complacent glance.

'I've had a good deal of experience. I always design the sets myself for our plays. Of course, I have a man to do the rough work for me, but the ideas are mine.'

They had moved into that house two years before, and he knew, and Julia knew, that they had put it into the hands of an expensive decorator when they were going on tour, and he had agreed to have it completely ready for them, at cost price in return for the work they promised him in the theatre, by the time they came back. But it was unnecessary to impart such tedious details to a young man whose name even they did not know. The house was furnished in extremely good taste, with a judicious mixture of the antique and the modern, and Michael was right when he said that it was quite obviously a gentleman's house. Julia, however, had insisted that she must have her bedroom as she liked, and having had exactly the bedroom that pleased her in the old house in Regent's Park which they had occupied since the end of the war she brought it over bodily. The bed and the dressing-table were upholstered in pink silk, the chaise-longue and the armchair in Nattier blue; over the bed there were fat little gilt cherubs who dangled a lamp with a pink shade, and fat little gilt cherubs swarmed all round the mirror on the dressing-table. On satinwood[7] tables were signed photographs, richly framed, of actors and actresses and members of the royal family. The decorator had raised his supercilious eyebrows, but it was the only room in the house in which Julia felt completely at home. She wrote her letters at a satinwood desk, seated on a gilt Hamlet stool[8].

[7] **satinwood** – expensive wood of an East Indian tree, belonging to the mahogany family, used for cabinetwork and fine furniture

[8] **Hamlet stool** – a stool which had been a part of stage props in the play "Hamlet"

Luncheon was announced and they went downstairs.

'I hope you'll have enough to eat,' said Julia. 'Michael and I have very small appetites.'

In point of fact there was grilled sole, grilled cutlets and spinach, and stewed fruit. It was a meal designed to satisfy legitimate hunger, but not to produce fat. The cook, warned by Margery that there was a guest to luncheon had hurriedly made some fried potatoes. They looked crisp and smelt appetizing. Only the young man took them. Julia gave them a wistful look before she shook her head in refusal. Michael stared at them gravely for a moment as though he could not quite tell what they were, and then with a little start, breaking out of a brown study[9], said No thank you. They sat at a refectory table, Julia and Michael at either end in very grand Italian chairs, and the young man in the middle on a chair that was not at all comfortable, but perfectly in character[10]. Julia noticed that he seemed to be looking at the sideboard and with her engaging smile, leaned forward.

'What is it?'

He blushed scarlet.

'I was wondering if I might have a piece of bread.'

'Of course.'

She gave the butler a significant glance; he was at that moment helping Michael to a glass of dry white wine, and he left the room.

'Michael and I never eat bread. It was stupid of Jevons not to realize that you might want some.'

'Of course bread is only a habit,' said Michael. 'It's wonderful how soon you can break yourself of it if you set your mind to it.'

'The poor lamb's as thin as a rail, Michael.'

'I don't not eat bread because I'm afraid of getting fat[11]. I don't eat it because I see no point in it. After all, with the exercise I take I can eat anything I like.'

He still had at fifty-two a very good figure. As a young man, with a great mass of curling chestnut hair, with a wonderful skin and large deep

[9] **brown study** - a state of serious absorption or abstraction

[10] **but perfectly in character** – but perfectly suiting the style of the room

[11] **I don't not eat bread because I'm afraid of getting fat** – I don't eat bread not because I'm afraid of getting fat.

blue eyes, a straight nose and small ears, he had been the best-looking actor on the English stage. The only thing that slightly spoiled him was the thinness of his mouth. He was just six foot tall and he had a gallant bearing. It was his obvious beauty that had engaged him to go on the stage rather than to become a soldier like his father. Now his chestnut hair was very grey, and he wore it much shorter; his face had broadened and was a good deal lined; his skin no longer had the soft bloom of a peach and his colour was high. But with his splendid eyes and his fine figure he was still a very handsome man. Since his five years at the war he had adopted a military bearing, so that if you had not known who he was (which was scarcely possible, for in one way and another his photograph was always appearing in the illustrated papers) you might have taken him for an officer of high rank. He boasted that his weight had not changed since he was twenty, and for years, wet or fine[12], he had got up every morning at eight to put on shorts and a sweater and have a run round Regent's Park.

'The secretary told me you were rehearsing this morning, Miss Lambert,' the young man remarked. 'Does that mean you're putting on a new play?'

'Not a bit of it,' answered Michael. 'We're playing to capacity[13].'

'Michael thought we were getting a bit ragged, so he called a rehearsal.'

'I'm very glad I did. I found little bits of business had crept in that I hadn't given them[14] and a good many liberties were being taken with the text. I'm a great stickler for saying the author's exact words, though, God knows, the words authors write nowadays aren't much.'

'If you'd like to come and see our play,' Julia said graciously, 'I'm sure Michael will be delighted to give you some seats.'

'I'd love to come again,' the young man answered eagerly. 'I've seen it three times already.'

'You haven't?' cried Julia, with surprise, though she remembered perfectly that Michael had already told her so. 'Of course it's not a bad little

[12] **wet or fine** – in wet or fine weather

[13] **We're playing to capacity.** – Our performances go with the full house.

[14] **I found little bits of business had crept in that I hadn't given them** – I found out that the actors had introduced their own elements into acting without my knowing about it.

play, it's served our purpose very well, but I can't imagine anyone wanting to see it three times.'

'It's not so much the play I went to see, it was your performance.'

'I dragged that out of him all right,' thought Julia, and then aloud: 'When we read the play Michael was rather doubtful about it. He didn't think my part was very good. You know, it's not really a star part. But I thought I could make something out of it. Of course we had to cut the other woman a lot[15] in rehearsals.'

'I don't say we rewrote the play,' said Michael, 'but I can tell you it was a very different play we produced from the one the author submitted to us.'

'You're simply wonderful in it,' the young man said.

('He has a certain charm.') 'I'm glad you liked me,' she answered.

'If you're very nice to Julia I dare say she'll give you a photograph of herself when you go.'

'Would you?'

He blushed again and his blue eyes shone. ('He's really rather sweet.') He was not particularly good-looking, but he had a frank, open face and his shyness was attractive. He had curly light brown hair, but it was plastered down and Julia thought how much better he would look if, instead of trying to smooth out the wave with brilliantine[16], he made the most of it. He had a fresh colour, a good skin and small well-shaped teeth. She noticed with approval that his clothes fitted and that he wore them well. He looked nice and clean.

'I suppose you've never had anything to do with the theatre from the inside before?' she said.

'Never. That's why I was so crazy to get this job. You can't think how it thrills me.'

Michael and Julia smiled on him kindly. His admiration made them feel a little larger than life-size.

'I never allow outsiders to come to rehearsals, but as you're our accountant you almost belong to the theatre, and I wouldn't mind making an exception in your favour if it would amuse you to come.'

---

[15] **we had to cut the other woman a lot** – we had to cut the other woman's part considerably

[16] **brilliantine** – a toilet preparation which adds gloss to the hair

'That would be terribly kind of you. I've never been to a rehearsal in my life. Are you going to act in the next play?'

'Oh, I don't think so. I'm not very keen about acting any more. I find it almost impossible to find a part to suit me. You see, at my time of life I can't very well play young lovers, and authors don't seem to write the parts they used to write when I was a young fellow. What the French call a raisonneur[17]. You know the sort of thing I mean, a duke, or a cabinet minister, or an eminent K.C.[18] who says clever, witty things and turns people round his little finger. I don't know what's happened to authors. They don't seem able to write good lines any more. Bricks without straw; that's what we actors are expected to make nowadays. And are they grateful to us? The authors, I mean. You'd be surprised if I told you the terms some of them have the nerve to ask.'

'The fact remains, we can't do without them,' smiled Julia. 'If the play's wrong no acting in the world will save it.'

'That's because the public isn't really interested in the theatre. In the great days of the English stage people didn't go to see the plays, they went to see the players. It didn't matter what Kemble and Mrs Siddons acted. The public went to see them. And even now, though I don't deny that if the play's wrong you're dished[19], I do contend that if the play's right, it's the actors the public go to see, not the play.'

'I don't think anyone can deny that,' said Julia.

'All an actress like Julia wants is a vehicle. Give her that and she'll do the rest.'

Julia gave the young man a delightful, but slightly deprecating smile.

'You mustn't take my husband too seriously. I'm afraid we must admit that he's partial where I'm concerned.'

'Unless this young man is a much bigger fool than I think him he must know that there's nothing in the way of acting that you can't do.'

---

[17] **raisonneur** (French) – a character in a drama who functions as a spokesperson for the dramatist's views. The raisonneur typically observes the play and gives his judgement without becoming central to the action. Raisonneurs were very common in plays of the nineteenth century.

[18] **K.C.** – King's Counsel

[19] **you're dished** (informal, dated) – you're ruined; you're done for

'Oh, that's only an idea that people have got because I take care never to do anything but what I can do.'

Presently Michael looked at his watch.

'I think when you've finished your coffee, young man, we ought to be going.'

The boy gulped down what was left in his cup and Julia rose from the table.

'You won't forget my photograph?'

'I think there are some in Michael's den. Come along and we'll choose one.'

She took him into a fair-sized room behind the dining-room. Though it was supposed to be Michael's private sitting-room—'a fellow wants a room where he can get away by himself and smoke his pipe' — it was chiefly used as a cloak-room when they had guests. There was a noble mahogany desk on which were signed photographs of George V and Queen Mary[20]. Over the chimney-piece was an old copy of Lawrence's portrait of Kemble as Hamlet. On a small table was a pile of typescript plays.

The room was surrounded by bookshelves under which were cupboards, and from one of these Julia took a bundle of her latest photographs. She handed one to the young man.

'This one is not so bad.'

'It's lovely.'

'Then it can't be as like me as I thought.'

'But it is. It's exactly like you.'

She gave him another sort of smile, just a trifle roguish; she lowered her eyelids for a second and then raising them gazed at him for a little with that soft expression that people described as her velvet look. She had no object in doing this. She did it, if not mechanically, from an instinctive desire to please. The boy was so young, so shy, he looked as if he had such a nice nature, and she would never see him again, she wanted him to have his money's worth; she wanted him to look back on this as one of the great moments of his life. She glanced at the photograph again. She liked

[20] **George V and Queen Mary** – George V was King of the United Kingdom from 1910 to 1936. He and his wife, Queen Mary, were presented as the model British family. The couple had six children, five boys and a girl.

to think she looked like that. The photographer had so posed her, with her help, as to show her at her best. Her nose was slightly thick, but he had managed by his lighting to make it look very delicate, not a wrinkle marred the smoothness of her skin, and there was a melting look in her fine eyes.

'All right. You shall have this one. You know I'm not a beautiful woman, I'm not even a very pretty one; Coquelin always used to say I had the beaute du diable[21]. You understand French, don't you?'

'Enough for that.'

'I'll sign it for you.'

She sat at the desk and with her bold, flowing hand wrote: Yours sincerely, Julia Lambert.

2

WHEN the two men had gone she looked through the photographs again before putting them back.

'Not bad for a woman of forty-six,' she smiled. 'They are like me, there's no denying that.' She looked round the room for a mirror, but there wasn't one. 'These damned decorators. Poor Michael, no wonder he never uses this room. Of course I never have photographed well.'

She had an impulse to look at some of her old photographs. Michael was a tidy, business-like man, and her photographs were kept in large cardboard cases, dated and chronologically arranged. His were in other cardboard cases in the same cupboard.

'When someone comes along and wants to write the story of our careers he'll find all the material ready to his hand,' he said.

With the same laudable object he had had all their press cuttings from the very beginning pasted in a series of large books.

There were photographs of Julia when she was a child, and photographs of her as a young girl, photographs of her in her first parts, photographs of her as a young married woman, with Michael, and then with Roger, her son, as a baby. There was one photograph of the three of them, Michael very manly and incredibly handsome, herself all tenderness looking down at Roger with maternal feeling, and Roger a little boy with a

[21] **beauté du diable** (French) – devil's beauty

curly head, which had been an enormous success. All the illustrated papers had given it a full page and they had used it on the programmes. Reduced to picture-postcard size it had sold in the provinces for years. It was such a bore that Roger when he got to Eton[22] refused to be photographed with her any more. It seemed so funny of him not to want to be in the papers.

'People will think you're deformed or something,' she told him. 'And it's not as if it weren't good form. You should just go to a first night and see the society people how they mob the photographers, cabinet ministers and judges and everyone. They may pretend they don't like it, but just see them posing when they think the camera man's got his eye on them.'

But he was obstinate.

Julia came across a photograph of herself as Beatrice. It was the only Shakespearean part she had ever played. She knew that she didn't look well in costume; she could never understand why, because no one could wear modern clothes as well as she could. She had her clothes made in Paris, both for the stage and for private life, and the dressmakers said that no one brought them more orders. She had a lovely figure, everyone admitted that; she was fairly tall for a woman, and she had long legs. It was a pity she had never had a chance of playing Rosalind, she would have looked all right in boy's clothes, of course it was too late now, but perhaps it was just as well she hadn't risked it. Though you would have thought, with her brilliance, her roguishness, her sense of comedy she would have been perfect. The critics hadn't really liked her Beatrice. It was that damned blank verse[23]. Her voice, her rather low rich voice, with that effective hoarseness, which wrung your heart in an emotional passage or gave so much humour to a comedy line, seemed to sound all wrong when she spoke it. And then her articulation; it was so distinct that, without raising her voice, she could make you hear her every word in the last row of the gallery; they said it made verse sound like prose. The fact was, she supposed, that she was much too modern.

[22] **Eton** – Eton College, an expensive public school for boys in England, popular with the Royal family. It is located in Eton, Berkshire, near Windsor in England. Eton is one of the most famous schools in the world.

[23] **blank verse** – poetry that does not rhyme

Michael had started with Shakespeare. That was before she knew him. He had played Romeo at Cambridge, and when he came down, after a year at a dramatic school, Benson had engaged him. He toured the country and played a great variety of parts. But he realized that Shakespeare would get him nowhere and that if he wanted to become a leading actor he must gain experience in modern plays. A man called James Langton was running a repertory theatre[24] at Middlepool that was attracting a good deal of attention; and after Michael had been with Benson for three years, when the company was going to Middlepool on its annual visit, he wrote to Langton and asked whether he would see him. Jimmie Langton, a fat, bald-headed, rubicund man of forty-five, who looked like one of Rubens' prosperous burghers, had a passion for the theatre. He was an eccentric, arrogant, exuberant, vain and charming fellow. He loved acting, but his physique prevented him from playing any but a few parts, which was fortunate, for he was a bad actor. He could not subdue his natural flamboyance, and every part he played, though he studied it with care and gave it thought, he turned into a grotesque. He broadened every gesture, he exaggerated every intonation. But it was a very different matter when he rehearsed his cast; then he would suffer nothing artificial. His ear was perfect, and though he could not produce the right intonation himself he would never let a false one pass in anyone else.

'Don't *be* natural,' he told his company. 'The stage isn't the place for that. The stage is make-believe. But *seem* natural.'

He worked his company hard. They rehearsed every morning from ten till two, when he sent them home to learn their parts and rest before the evening's performance. He bullied them, he screamed at them, he mocked them. He underpaid them. But if they played a moving scene well he cried like a child, and when they said an amusing line as he wanted it said he bellowed with laughter. He would skip about the stage on one leg if he was pleased, and if he was angry would throw the script down and stamp on it while tears of rage ran down his cheeks. The company laughed at him and abused him and did everything they could to please him. He aroused a protective instinct in them, so that one and all they felt that

[24] **repertory theatre** - a theatre that presents several different plays, operas, or pieces usually alternately in the course of a season

they couldn't let him down. Though they said he drove them like slaves, and they never had a moment to themselves, flesh and blood couldn't stand it, it gave them a sort of horrible satisfaction to comply with his outrageous demands. When he wrung an old trooper's hand, who was getting seven pounds a week, and said, by God, laddie, you're stupendous, the old trooper felt like Charles Kean.

It happened that when Michael kept the appointment he had asked for, Jimmie Langton was in need of a leading juvenile. He had guessed why Michael wanted to see him, and had gone the night before to see him play. Michael was playing Mercutio and he had not thought him very good, but when he came into the office he was staggered by his beauty. In a brown coat and grey flannel trousers, even without make-up, he was so handsome it took your breath away. He had an easy manner and he talked like a gentleman. While Michael explained the purpose of his visit Jimmie Langton observed him shrewdly. If he could act at all, with those looks that young man ought to go far.

'I saw your Mercutio last night,' he said. 'What d'you think of it yourself?'

'Rotten.'

'So do I. How old are you?'

'Twenty-five.'

'I suppose you've been told you're good-looking?'

'That's why I went on the stage. Otherwise I'd have gone into the army like my father.'

'By gum[25], if I had your looks what an actor I'd have been.'

The result of the interview was that Michael got an engagement. He stayed at Middlepool for two years. He soon grew popular with the company. He was good-humoured and kindly; he would take any amount of trouble to do anyone a service. His beauty created a sensation in Middlepool and the girls used to hang about the stage door to see him go out. They wrote him love letters and sent him flowers. He took it as a natural homage, but did not allow it to turn his head. He was eager to get on and seemed determined not to let any entanglement interfere with his career. It was his beauty that saved him, for Jimmie Langton quickly came to the

[25] **by gum** (informal, dated) –an expression of surprise

conclusion that, notwithstanding his perseverance and desire to excel, he would never be more than a competent actor. His voice was a trifle thin and in moments of vehemence was apt to go shrill. It gave then more the effect of hysteria than of passion. But his gravest fault as a juvenile lead was that he could not make love. He was easy enough in ordinary dialogue and could say his lines with point, but when it came to making protestations of passion something seemed to hold him back. He felt embarrassed and looked it.

'Damn you, don't hold that girl as if she was a sack of potatoes,' Jimmie Langton shouted at him. 'You kiss her as if you were afraid you were standing in a draught. You're in love with that girl. You must feel that you're in love with her. Feel as if your bones were melting inside you and if an earthquake were going to swallow you up next minute, to hell with the earthquake.'

But it was no good. Notwithstanding his beauty, his grace and his ease of manner, Michael remained a cold lover. This did not prevent Julia from falling madly in love with him. For it was when he joined Langton's repertory company that they met.

Her own career had been singularly lacking in hardship. She was born in Jersey, where her father, a native of that island, practised as a veterinary surgeon. Her mother's sister was married to a Frenchman, a coal merchant, who lived at St Malo, and Julia had been sent to live with her while she attended classes at the local lycee. She learnt to speak French like a Frenchwoman. She was a born actress and it was an understood thing for as long as she could remember that she was to go on the stage. Her aunt, Madame Falloux, was 'en relations' with an old actress who had been a societaire[26] of the Comédie Française and who had retired to St Malo to live on the small pension that one of her lovers had settled on her when after many years of faithful concubinage they had parted. When Julia was a child of twelve this actress was a boisterous, fat old woman of more than sixty, but of great vitality, who loved food more than anything else in the world. She had a great, ringing laugh, like a man's, and she talked in a deep, loud voice. It was she who gave Julia her first lessons.

[26] **societaire** (French) – a member of the company

She taught her all the arts that she had herself learnt at the Conservatoire[27] and she talked to her of Reichenberg who had played ingénues[28] till she was seventy, of Sarah Bernhardt and her golden voice, of Mounet-Sully and his majesty, and of Coquelin the greatest actor of them all. She recited to her the great tirades of Corneille and Racine as she had learnt to say them at the Française and taught her to say them in the same way. It was charming to hear Julia in her childish voice recite those languorous, passionate speeches of Phèdre, emphasizing the beat of the Alexandrines[29] and mouthing her words in that manner which is so artificial and yet so wonderfully dramatic. Jane Taitbout must always have been a very stagy actress, but she taught Julia to articulate with extreme distinctness, she taught her how to walk and how to hold herself, she taught her not to be afraid of her own voice, and she made deliberate that wonderful sense of timing which Julia had by instinct and which afterwards was one of her greatest gifts. 'Never pause unless you have a reason for it,' she thundered, banging with her clenched fist on the table at which she sat, 'but when you pause, pause as long as you can.'

When Julia was sixteen and went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art[30] in Gower Street she knew already much that they could teach her there. She had to get rid of a certain number of tricks that were out of date and she had to acquire a more conversational style. But she won every prize that was open to her, and when she was finished with the school her good French got her almost immediately a small part in London as a French maid. It looked for a while as though her knowledge of French would specialize her in parts needing a foreign accent, for after this she was engaged to play an Austrian waitress. It was two years later that Jimmie Langton discovered her. She was on tour in a melodrama that had been successful in London; in the part of an Italian adventuress, whose machinations were eventually exposed, she was trying somewhat inadequately to represent a woman of forty. Since the heroine, a blonde per-

[27] **Conservatoire** (French) – a school of drama in Paris

[28] **ingénue** (French) – a naive girl or young woman

[29] **Alexandrine** - a line of verse of 12 syllables consisting regularly of 6 iambs with a caesura after the 3d iamb, popular in French poetry

[30] **the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art** - (RADA) a British drama school in London. It was established in 1904 by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, a leading Shakespeare producer

son of mature years, was playing a young girl, the performance lacked verisimilitude. Jimmie was taking a short holiday which he spent in going every night to the theatre in one town after another. At the end of the piece he went round to see Julia. He was well enough known in the theatrical world for her to be flattered by the compliments he paid her, and when he asked her to lunch with him next day she accepted.

They had no sooner sat down to table than he went straight to the point.

'I never slept a wink all night for thinking of you,' he said.

'This is very sudden. Is your proposal honourable or dishonourable?'

He took no notice of the flippant rejoinder.

'I've been at this game for twenty-five years. I've been a call-boy, a stage-hand, a stage-manager, an actor, a publicity man, damn it, I've even been a critic. I've lived in the theatre since I was a kid just out of a board school, and what I don't know about acting isn't worth knowing. I think you're a genius.'

'It's sweet of you to say so.'

'Shut up. Leave me to do the talking. You've got everything. You're the right height, you've got a good figure, you've got an indiarubber face.'

'Flattering, aren't you?'

'That's just what I am. That's the face an actress wants. The face that can look anything, even beautiful, the face that can show every thought that passes through the mind. That's the face Duse's got. Last night even though you weren't really thinking about what you were doing every now and then the words you were saying wrote themselves on your face.'

'It's such a rotten part. How could I give it my attention? Did you hear the things I had to say?'

'Actors are rotten, not parts. You've got a wonderful voice, the voice that can wring an audience's heart, I don't know about your comedy, I'm prepared to risk that.'

'What d'you mean by that?'

'Your timing is almost perfect. That couldn't have been taught, you must have that by nature. That's the far, far better way. Now let's come down to brass tacks. I've been making inquiries about you. It appears you speak French like a Frenchwoman and so they give you broken English parts. That's not going to lead you anywhere, you know.'

'That's all I can get.'

'Are you satisfied to go on playing those sort of parts for ever? You'll get stuck in them and the public won't take you in anything else. Seconds, that's all you'll play. Twenty pounds a week at the outside and a great talent wasted.'

'I've always thought that some day or other I should get a chance of a straight part[31].'

'When? You may have to wait ten years. How old are you now?'

'Twenty.'

'What are you getting?'

'Fifteen pounds a week.'

'That's a lie. You're getting twelve, and it's a damned sight more than you're worth. You've got everything to learn. Your gestures are commonplace. You don't know that every gesture must mean something. You don't know how to get an audience to look at you before you speak. You make up too much. With your sort of face the less make-up the better. Wouldn't you like to be a star?'

'Who wouldn't?'

'Come to me and I'll make you the greatest actress in England. Are you a quick study? You ought to be at your age.'

'I think I can be word-perfect in any part in forty-eight hours.'

'It's experience you want and me to produce you. Come to me and I'll let you play twenty parts a year. Ibsen, Shaw, Barker, Sudermann, Hankin, Galsworthy. You've got magnetism and you don't seem to have an idea how to use it.' He chuckled. 'By God, if you had, that old hag would have had you out of the play you're in now before you could say knife. You've got to take an audience by the throat and say, now, you dogs, you pay attention to me. You've got to dominate them. If you haven't got the gift no one can give it you, but if you have you can be taught how to use it. I tell you, you've got the makings of a great actress. I've never been so sure of anything in my life.'

'I know I want experience. I'd have to think it over of course. I wouldn't mind coming to you for a season.'

---

[31] **straight part** – a really good part, a part which could bring success

'Go to hell. Do you think I can make an actress of you in a season? Do you think I'm going to work my guts out to make you give a few decent performances and then have you go away to play some twopenny-halfpenny part in a commercial play in London? What sort of a bloody fool do you take me for? I'll give you a three years' contract, I'll give you eight pounds a week and you'll have to work like a horse.'

'Eight pounds a week's absurd. I couldn't possibly take that.'

'Oh yes, you could. It's all you're worth and it's all you're going to get.'

Julia had been on the stage for three years and had learnt a good deal. Besides, Jane Taitbout, no strict moralist, had given her a lot of useful information.

'And are you under the impression by any chance, that for that I'm going to let you sleep with me as well?'

'My God, do you think I've got time to go to bed with the members of my company? I've got much more important things to do than that, my girl. And you'll find that after you've rehearsed for four hours and played a part at night to my satisfaction, besides a couple of matinees, you won't have much time or much inclination to make love to anybody. When you go to bed all you'll want to do is to sleep.'

But Jimmie Langton was wrong there.

Reading Comprehension Section

1. Attention Check:

a) Who said these words:
   "After all, with the exercise I take I can eat anything I like"?
b) What is the name of Michael's secretary?
c) What is the Gosselyns' home address?
d) What furniture does Michael have in his study?
e) Did Michael eat fried potatoes at luncheon?
f) How many times had the young man seen Julia's play?
g) How old is Michael?
h) What did Julia write on the photograph she gave the young man?
i) What was the only Shakespearean part Julia had played?
j) Where was Julia born?

2. Test your understanding of the text:

a) What does Michael say about the way accounts are kept in their theatre?
   - they are kept very well
   - they are kept in the same way as in other theatres
   - they are in a mess

b) What does Michael mean by the phrase "the way some of those firms in the city keep their accounts is enough to turn your hair grey"?
   - some firms manage to keep their accounts in amazing order
   - accounts at some firms are in an awful mess
   - some firms pay severe penalties for disorder in their accounts

c) Julia believes that Michael's secretary knew him "inside and out". How should we understand that phrase?
   - she does not know him at all
   - she is his lover
   - she knows him very well

d) What does the word "one" stand for in the sentence below?
   "...but I can tell you it was a very different play we produced from the **one** the author submitted to us."
   - play
   - author
   - theatre

e) What word(s) could you use instead of "I dare say" in the sentence below?
   "If you're very nice to Julia I dare say she'll give you a photograph of herself when you go."
   - I have courage to say
   - I'm afraid to say
   - I expect

f) Looking at the young man's hair Julia wished he "made the most of it". What should he have done to his hair to make it look more attractive to Julia?
   - had it cut short
   - had it dyed
   - had arranged it so as to show its beauty

g) What does "but" mean in the following sentence?
"I take care never to do anything **but** what I can do."
- unless
- except
- and

h) Julia was known for her "velvet look". What kind of look is that?
- piercing
- soft
- frightening

i) The author says that Jimmie Langton looked like one of Rubens' prosperous burghers. How should we picture him?
- lean
- robust
- businesslike

j) What is the function of "would" in the sentence below?
"He **would** skip about the stage on one leg..."
- it denotes the character's typical behaviour
- it is a part of the Future-in-the-Past form
- it shows an unreal action

k) The author characterizes Jane Taitbout as a "stagy actress". What does he imply?
- that Jane was a talented actress
- that Jane had a great experience of acting
- that Jane's acting was unnatural

l) Jimmie Langton said that Julia had "an indiarubber face". What do you think that means?
- her face could show any feeling or emotion
- her face was not particularly attractive
- she had dark complexion

m) In talking to Julia Jimmie Langton says "Now let's come down to brass tacks". Does he mean that they should
- go to the races?
- talk about the facts which are of fundamental importance?
- go and listen to the brass orchestra?

Навчальне видання

Моем В. С. Театр
Книга для читання англійською мовою

Технологія роботи з текстом і філологічний коментар
В. В Євченко і С. І. Сидоренко

Навчальний посібник

Редактор *С. І. Мазур*
Комп'ютерна верстка: *Г. А. Пєшков*

Підписано до друку 12.06.19. Формат 60×84/16. Папір офсетний.
Гарнітура Таймс. Друк офсетний. Ум. друк. арк. 21,47,. Зам. № 1915.

ПП "Нова Книга"
21029, м. Вінниця, вул. М. Ващука, 20
Свідоцтво про внесення суб'єкта видавничої справи
до Державного реєстру видавців, виготівників
і розповсюджувачів видавничої продукції
ДК № 2646 від 11.10.2006 р.
Тел. (0432) 56-01-87. Факс 56-01-88
E-mail: info@novaknyha.com.ua
www.nk.in.ua